THE

ULTIMUM VALE,

OR,

Laſt Farewell

Of THOMAS Earle of Strafford.

Written by himſelfe a little before his death.

(I.)

FArewell vain world, farewell my fleeting joyes,
Whoſe beſt of muſick's but an Echo's noyſe,
And all the luſtre of your painted light
But as dull dreams and fantoms of the night.
Empty your pleaſures too, nor can they laſt
Longer than aire-puft bubbles, or a blaſt.

(II.)

Farewell you fading Honours, which doe blinde,
By your falſe miſts the ſharpeſt ſighted minde,
And having rais'd him to his height of cares,
Tumble him headlong down the ſlippery ſtaires.
How ſhall I praiſe or priſe your glorious ills,
Which are but poyſon put in golden pills.

(III.)

Farewell my bluſtring titles, ne're come backe,
You've ſweld my ſailes until my maſtings cracke,
And made my Veſſell reele againſt the rocks
Of gaping ruine, whoſe deſtructive knocks
Hath helpleſſe left me, ſinking, here to lie:
The cauſe? I rais'd my main-top ſailes too high.

(IV.)

Farewell Ambition (ſince we needs muſt part)
Thou great Inchantreſſe of mans greater heart:
Thy guilded titles that do ſeeme ſo faire,
Are but like meteors hanging in the aire:
In whoſe falſe ſplendor, falling thence, is found
No worth, but water-like ſhed on the ground.

(V.)

Farewell the Glory, from which all the reſt
Derive the Sweets for which men ſtile them bleſt,
That from one root in ſeverall branches ſpring,
I meane, The favor of my gratious King:
This too, hath led my wandring ſoule aſtray,
Like *Ignis Fatuis*, from its righter way.

(VI.)

Farewell my Friends, I need not bid you go;
When Fortune flies, you freely will doe ſo.
Worſhip the riſing, not the ſetting Sun.
The Houſe is falling; Vermin quickly run.
Bees do from off the wither'd flowres make haſte;
The reaſon is, Becauſe th'ave loſt their taſte.

(VII.)

Farewell the treaſures of my tempting ſtore,
Which of all Idols, leaſt I did adore:
Haſte to ſome Ideots Coffer, and hee'l bee
Thy ſlave, as I have maſter been to thee.
Heaven knowes, of all the Suiters that I had,
I leaſt priz'd thee, as counting none ſo bad.

(VIII.)

Laſt; To my Foes farewell: for ſuch I have,
Who do in multitudes wait for my grave;
'Mongſt which I can't beleeve but ſome there be
That hate my vices only, and not me:
Let them paſſe o're my fame without a blot,
And let the Vulgar ſcratch they know not what.

(IX.)

Let them beſmeare me by the chattering notes
(Poor ſilly hearts) which echo through their throtes;
I'le paſſe it o're, and pray (with patience too)
Father forgive; they know not what they do.
Yet O: I could have woo'd my treacherous Fate
T'have let me died without the publique hate.

London printed, 1641.

Strafford's ultimum votum